

church Alexander Mack organized was not the German Baptist church, but the "Brethren" church, and as the Dunkard church has assumed the name German Baptist it is therefore not the church that Mack organized. That it has legally forfeited its name "Brethren" I prove by quoting *verbatim*, from minutes of annual meeting of 1836, Art. 6: Question: "What should be the name of our fraternity, when a title for a meeting house is made, and recorded in public offices?" Answer—"Unanimously concluded to call ourselves the fraternity of 'German Baptists.' This is the decision as it stands recorded in their minutes, and in the face of all this they have the presumption to charge us for stealing their name.

That the German Baptist church has prescribed certain forms of dress, wearing the hair, &c., and when these are violated, members are expelled, not for Gospel violation, but for the violation of the laws of annual meeting. The church organized by Alexander Mack had no annual meeting, and hence this German Baptist church is a modern institution and not the church organized by Mack. It has arrogated unto itself power and authority that belongs alone to Christ. It has engrafted into its form of church government the word mandatory, that is not found in the Christians vocabulary, but had its origin in the palaces of the Caesars of Rome. It has driven away from the Lord's table, scores of Christian men and women whose moral character is beyond reproach. It has separated families and forbade them recognizing each other, and fellowshipping each other as Christians. The history of German Baptist church leaders and conference for years past has been a history of continued departure from primitive simplicity of the Christian faith in almost every essential feature of Gospel liberty and church rule. Indiscriminate expulsions have been indulged in. Women of the best standing in society and noble Christian character, have been ruthlessly expelled from the church for wearing a style of headdress other than the bonnet and cap prescribed by church legislation. They have made Bishops separate and superior to the body and authority of the church, whereas the Gospel declares them the servants of the church. In its mandatory rulings it has opposed and forbidden religious convocations, that we regard, and look upon as auxiliary to the Christian work. Among them is the Sunday school convention. Hence from the force of circumstance, and arbitrary church rule, we are now compelled to disavow equal and all responsibilities in these departures and traditions, and submit to the necessity which demand declarations to the adherence to the Gospel-alone in faith and practice, upon the platform of Jesus Christ, and our church fathers independent of the abuses, traditions and commandments of the annual conference of the German Baptist church. We regret the necessity that compels it, but duty to the world, ourselves, our children, and to Almighty God, the Ruler of the Universe demands it. And that His name may be glorified, His cause advanced, and the usurpations of men denounced and opposed, we humbly bow to the dictations of justice, purity, and truth.

We do not charge the German Baptist church as a whole, for approving of these innovations. In its communion are thousands of true, noble-hearted Christians, whose sympathies go out for the oppressed and excommunicated, yet who revere the church of their fathers, and are perhaps unconsciously led by designing leaders and ambitious rulers. Many we know, that we regard as ideal Christians, but we are deprived of their Christian association, we regard them as our brethren and sisters, but their leaders have promulgated a law, that if they recognize and fellowship us as their brethren, by that law they must die the death of separation from the church. The annual conference of 1882 that forced a separation, that rent in twain the once grand old Dunkard brotherhood. That conference that rent the brotherhood, was looked forward to with greater anxiety than any other. Separation was feared. Christian charity and Christian forbearance would have averted the direful event. Fifty thousand Dunkards stood in breathless silence awaiting the result. Prayers were offered that division might not come. But, alas! it came; and as the electric current flashed the intelligence throughout the continent, hearts bowed in sorrow. What a scene: A united brotherhood rent in twain, bleeding and lacerated, it lies at the feet of its executioners. But, thank God, from this scene of apparent religious intolerance, has merged a little church, that has placed its feet upon the gospel of Jesus Christ, free and untrammelled from the traditions of men; that looks over the vast army of Christians, and says to every man and every woman who follow Christ: "My brother and my sister; that says, Obedience to the Gospel of Christ, and a good moral character, shall be

the only test of Christian fellowship; that opens its arms wide to the sinners; and says, sinner, come with us, accept Christ as your Savior, and His gospel as your creed, and have eternal life; that extends its arms to the oppressed, and says come to Christ and enjoy liberty; that has unfurled its banner to the world, bearing the golden inscription promulgated by the inspired Apostle, "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him." We feel no animosity toward our German Baptist brethren; we believe their mistake, that has torn the brotherhood from its compact, to be of the head and not of the heart. We are ready to fellowship them as our brethren; we extend to them the right hand, and say with the old Patriarch, "Let us not quarrel, for we are brethren." We are ready to cast the mantle of charity over their mistakes, over their departures from the primitive principles of the church. Upon the Gospel of Christ alone are we ready to unite, and bury forever the bitterness of the past. The conflict has been terrible in its results, and as the smoke of battle has cleared away, and as we look over the field, let us look after the wounded and perishing. We will soon forget these bickerings and quarrels and will be able to go on in work so nobly begun.

From our sister churches we ask a kindly recognition. We ask you to recognize us as Christians, honest in our convictions. We meet you upon the broad and common platform of charity for all, and malice toward none. We meet you upon the broad platform of a common brotherhood. We extend to you the hand of Christian sympathy, and ask your Christian sympathy and prayers in return. The cause of Christianity is a common cause; the Christian world should strive for union, instead of disunion. Its grand army should be united, and thus, in solid phalanx, with its broad banner unfurled, bearing the glorious inscription "Whosoever will let him come," and thus in one grand united effort, assault the ramparts of the enemy of the sons of men. Laying aside all minor differences, and uniting upon the common platform of doing justice, loving mercy and walking humbly before God.

We have been charged with having departed from the principles and teachings of the Gospel. This we most emphatically deny; and in confirmation of this will say, that, inasmuch as the German Baptist church claims to be the only true church on earth, that if they will place their finger upon a single command that they practice, that we do not practice and accept, we will plead guilty, and until they do this, the charge stands unsustained. But if they charge us for leaving the mandates of men, and church traditions, we plead guilty to that.

I now address my remarks to my brethren and sisters. The conflict has been severe. We have declared our convictions for religious liberty and moral reform. That the right of conscience belongs to every man and woman. That religious liberty does not lay in the hands of the few. That the elevation of men to ecclesiastical power has been perverted, and its legitimate result is spiritual slavery. That the spirit of tradition and religious restriction is not the spirit of Christ; for "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." That religion does not consist in external formalities, or in a peculiar cut of clothing, but in the heart cleansed by the blood of Christ, and led by His Holy Spirit in an honest, upright, Christian life. Upon this great issue we have met our opponents, though they have turned us away from their fellowship, yet we have achieved a victory that is sweet in proportion as the conflict has been bitter. We have wrested from a religious hierarchy, the Gospel of Christ, untrammelled by the traditions of men. And now there is a great work before us. Let us, as we look back over the Christian era, and peer through the dark ages of religious intolerance and ecclesiastical tyranny, when the torch, the sword, the rack, the thumb-screw and the scavenger's daughter, were the prominent evidences of its existence, let us robe ourselves in the spotless mantle of Christian charity. And as we look back over the field of conflict through which we have passed, and as the smoke of battle has cleared away, let us become the good Samaritan. If we see our brother or sister that was arrayed against us, lying bruised or wounded, let us pour in the oil and the wine, and take them to the inn, tenderly throwing around them the mantle of charity. And as we stand at their graves let us drop a tear of love over their mound, and say "Peace to their ashes." Let our lives be an every day evidence of our sincerity, that as our sister churches look upon us, they may say, "they are worthy of our confidence as Christians." That as the sinner becomes convicted of his lost condition, and seeks a Christian home, that ours may be ornamented with spiritual beauty, that he may see its beauty in the lives

of its children, and be led to say, I will make my home with you. Though families are severed from Christian fellowship, we are not responsible for it; we extend our hand but they will not grasp it. The grave, though cold and repulsive, yet brings forth its mantle of forgetfulness. As we see the form of father enter the grave, we say, a Christian father! As we stand with bowed heads over the lifeless form of the mother that gave us birth, we will say, died in faith in her Redeemer! Life is a narrow stream between two great extremities. Like the clock, it is ticking away its hours. Soon the angel will come and grasp the pendulum of time and stop its vibrations forever. May God help us to live devotedly to Him, and for Him alone.

## GLEANINGS FROM THE FIELD.

BY E. E. ROBERTS.

"Let me now go to the field and glean ears." \* \* \* She came and gleaned after the reapers.—Ruth 2: 2-13.

As I look over the pages of our EVANGELIST, and see the grand and glorious tidings that come from the different parts of the field, as different bands of reapers gather here and there sheaves for the garner of eternal bliss, my heart rejoices and, in anticipation at least, I join in the glad song of the "Harvest Home," and like the immortal Ruth, I feel like saying: Now "Let me go to the field and glean ears." Not that I would away to some distant part of the field to reap. No, no; for, alas! I see our field "white to the harvest" but alas where are the reapers? While mine is not the gift of a Wesley, I know that in all the host of Israel, there was only one Moses, but there were those that "stayed up his hands." So may I be one that shall stay the hands of one of the King's faithful reapers. "But," says one, "how shall I work?" Have you a good loving heart? Do you love Jesus? You say, Yes. Can you not find some work for him to do? You love your mother, your sweet-heart, your wife, do you need to be told what to do for them? Need I write you some directions? Ah, no! You laugh at the thought of it. You anticipate every want, every wish; you express in action, not in word, the love you bear them; you are not satisfied in telling them that you love them, and by clasping them in your arms, and pressing them to your breast; but you spend your money to buy gifts that are costly, some more so than your financial condition will justify you in doing. Will you then come to me and ask me what I can do for the Master? Is there a church near you? Are you always there? A prayer meeting, do you attend it? A Sabbath school? Do you say, Come, children, we must not be late? Do you rear your family altar? Do you pray God to bless poor William over in your tenement house, who is sick, and then forget that in your hen-roost there is just the kind of a young Braham that will make him some broth, or in the pantry is a nice cup of jelly that will bring a good taste to his poor parched mouth? Or, as you pray for the Lord to remember the poor, do you think of poor widow Nancy yonder, in the poor, old tumble-down cottage under the hill, who, last winter, lost her only son, the support of her old age. Yes, you know that it is cold, and you have a strong suspicion that her coal is out, that there are no potatoes in her cellar or no flour in her barrel. Do not be afraid that the Lord will feel that you are acting out of place and meddling with his work, if you answer that prayer yourself; and the next time ask in prayer that the Giver of every good gift give you the grace to remember the poor—and to help them.

God loves them; you love God. He has said: "Inasmuch as you have done it to one of my little ones ye have done it unto me." Ah! no; none of these. Well, well, you are fortunate, indeed. But you have forgotten "Sandy," (as you call him,) and his family; he sees you drive by him on the way to church. You sometimes nod to him (if you can't help it). Did you ever stop and say to him, as you caught his hand in yours: "Sandy, my man, I think you ought to go to church. Will you not come along with us? There is room on the seat with me for you, and room for your wife back with my wife, and as for the children, why we will stop for them this afternoon in time for Sunday school." Try it and see if it don't give you pleasure, and see if you hear him speaking about church people being no better than any one else. Alas! there is too much truth in the remark, unpleasant as it is truthful. I know a good old brother who runs a gospel coach, every Sunday, and it is never so full that there is not room for one more. Ah, but, you say, I don't like to do that. No doubt of that. There was nothing lovely in the prospect for Christ when he looked down to a life of shame, suffering and the ignominious death of the cross. Yes, he who was rich became poor, that he might save us, and that was the spirit

of Christ. The Apostle says: "Except ye have the Spirit of Christ ye are none of his." Then again, if you can't superintend the Sunday School; can't lead a prayer meeting; can't testify that you love Christ; can't even make a public prayer,—all of which I think is extremely doubtful,—you have money which the Lord has given into your stewardship, for keeping, at most, but a short time. For its stewardship and the faithfulness with which you have discharged it, God will call you into strict account.

I heard a brother say: "When I die I am going to leave so and so to the church at P—R—; for I expect to be buried there, and I want the church kept up," forgetting the fact that the church is dying faster than he is; and, should he live as long as he hopes to live, there will hardly be a man left. Why not give a thousand or two now, and put a faithful man of God there to preach the Gospel and build up the cause of Christ? No! Selfishness says: "I expect to be buried." Not love for Christ but me. You have money; don't be afraid to use it; see that the church is comfortably furnished, as well as your home. Don't want a palace for yourself and think anything good enough for God. Is your church's obligations met promptly? Does your pastor get his salary promptly? Don't belike the rich man who enjoyed religion so much that he sang with all his might:

"Were the whole realm of Nature mine  
That were a present far too small,"

and was fumbling down in his pocket to be sure that he had a whole penny to put in the collection basket. Let us awake, and take up the words of Ruth as our watchword, and say: "Now let us go into the fields that we may glean ears."

Perhaps some one may say, "And what of you?" Modesty forbids that we should speak of our good works—as a church; but we are not at ease in Zion. Aside from our regular church, we have a Mission Sunday school, for which we have recently secured a chapel, 30 x 50, and furnished it, and are prospering nicely. May God's blessing be upon it, and, like David of old, I would say, "Establish thou the work of our hands; yea, establish thou it." It may not be amiss to thank the faithful of the Lord who have upheld, with money and willing service, this grand work. While some who are abundantly able, have done comparatively nothing, others, who are poor, have done much. May the Lord keep us all poor enough that we may never become so stingy that we have more for ourselves than we have for God.

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## A Remarkable Fact.

"I am not disappointed!" was the significant dying testimony of the beloved Bishop James. We do not enough eulogize this most remarkable fact, that in all the history of human life and death there is not on record a solitary instance of any Christian ever having turned away from Christ in the dying hour, disappointed, deceived and regretful! Mark this. Has infidelity a similar record to show? "Thank God!" exclaims a backslider, who had wandered away from God into infidelity, and came back to the old gospel again on his death-bed. "Thank God! back again on the old Rock to die!"

A famous man on his dying bed was addressed by a friend who spoke to him of the Savior.

"As to the Bible," replied the dying man, "it may be true; I don't know."

"What then," asked his friend "are your prospects?"

The answer, whispered with pallid lips, sounded like the knell of doom: "Dark—very dark!"

"But have you no light from the Sun of Righteousness? have you done justice to the Bible?"

"Perhaps not," he replied; "but it is now too late!"

A mother, who had laughed at and ridiculed religion and religious people, was seen restless and miserable on her death-bed. She desired that her children should be called. They came. With intense feeling she addressed them:

"My children, I have been leading you in the wrong road all your life. I now find the broad road ends in destruction. I did not believe it before. Oh, seek to serve God, and try to find the gate of heaven, though you may not find your mother there."

With these effecting words the poor mother's lips closed forever, and her spirit passed into eternity, while the household looked on the sad scene in helpless terror and awe.

Nothing can sustain and satisfy the soul when heart and flesh are failing save Christ. Everything else disappears and fails. Even if tempted to turn away from him, the clear-sighted soul would cry out: "To whom shall I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. Thee will I trust; to thee will I cling."